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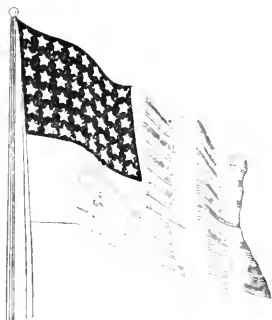
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A SKETCH *of* BARBARA FRITCHIE



INCLUDING POINTS *of* INTEREST
IN FREDERICK, MARYLAND



By MISS ELEANOR D. ABBOTT
Great Grandniece of Whittier's Heroine

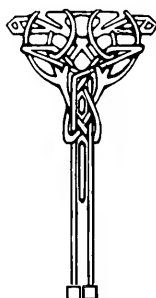


Darbara Fritchee

SIGNATURE OF HEROINE AT AGE OF 92 YEARS

A Sketch
of
Barbara Fritchie
Whittier's Heroine

Including Points *of* Interest
in Frederick, Maryland



...

By MISS ELEANOR D. ABBOTT

..



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G.E. 11, 30, 26/21

BARBARA FRITCHIE

By JOHN G. WHITTIER



Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten :

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down :

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pain and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word :

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on !" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Fritchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !



Sketch of Whittier's Heroine

Barbara Fritchie



BEAUTIFUL for situation" is Frederick, Maryland, with its clustered spires, greenwalled by the surrounding hills. "The meadows rich with corn," the orchards of "apple and peach trees fruited deep," the well cultivated farms present a picture "fair as a garden of the Lord" to the eyes of the thousands of tourists attracted to Barbara Fritchie's town. Frederick-town was laid out in 1745 by Patrick Dulaney, after whom one of the principal streets was named.

Patrick street is a continuation of the old National Pike, connecting Baltimore with Frederick, and extending west through Cumberland, Ohio, and Indiana, into Illinois. The first house was built on East Patrick street by John Thomas Schley, and the first white child born in Frederick was Mary Schley. The past history of Frederick is intensely interesting, but it is not the purpose of this sketch to relate what has already been published. Mr. Whittier has made it almost world renowned in his beautiful poem, and has immortalized Barbara Fritchie, for her name and fame have gone beyond our own continent to the lands across the seas. An American gentleman, traveling in foreign lands some years ago, met a little girl named Barbara. He said to her, "Your name reminds me of a noted American woman." She replied, "Do you mean Barbara Fritchie?" and to his great pleasure and surprise recited the entire poem.

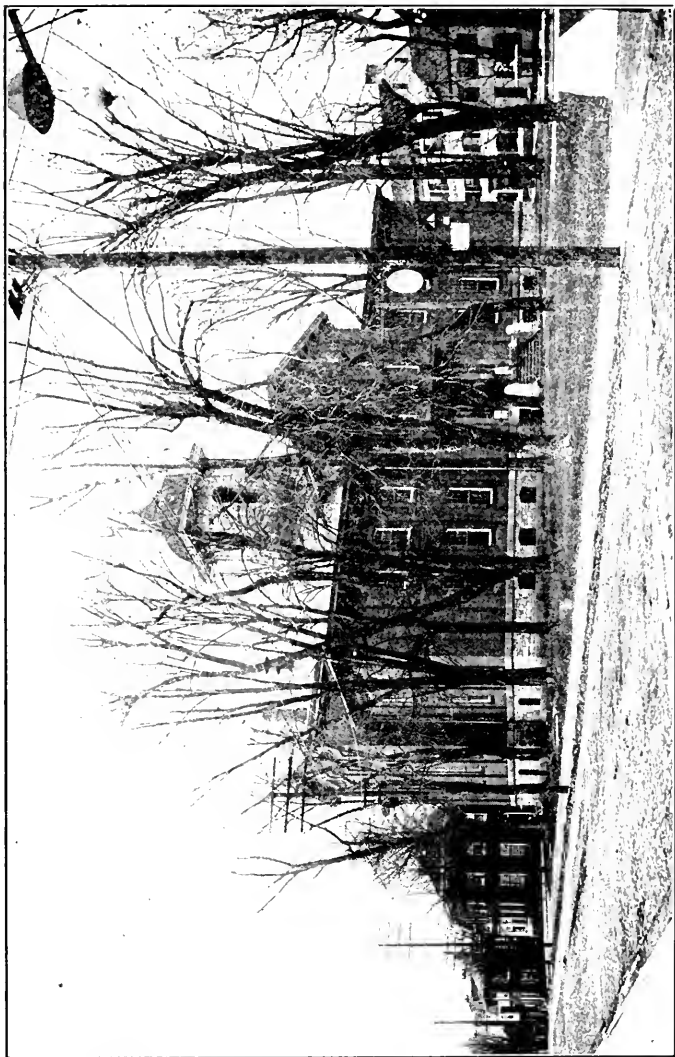
Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, in an address delivered in Frederick on May 30, 1918, said: "When I was in the desolate, fascinating, hospitable island of Newfoundland nine years ago I found that the people knew of five American cities—New York, Boston, Gloucester, Baltimore and Frederick. They had learned of the last city because the poem 'Barbara Fritchie' was known and loved by all the school children." Critics have tried in vain to convince the public that Mr. Whittier's story is pure fiction. Barbara Fritchie was not a myth; neither was she a literary character alone. She was a real, one-hundred-per-cent, American woman, notwithstanding the fact that her parents, John Nielaus

and Catherine Zeiler Hauer, were born in Germany. Leaving Germany May 11, 1754, they came to this country, arriving in Pennsylvania in October, 1754. Barbara Hauer, their third daughter, was born in Lancaster, Penna., December 3, 1766, and was baptized by Rev. William Hendel, pastor of the Reformed church, December 14, 1766. When Barbara was less than two years of age her parents removed to Frederick, Maryland. Just previous to her birth the Stamp act had been repealed, the Court of Frederick County being the first to protest officially against it, in 1765.

The Declaration of Independence from British rule was adopted ten years after her birth. Recalling the stirring events of that period one can readily account for the traits of character so pronounced in Barbara's later life. She grew up amid circumstances which developed stability, patriotism, and loyalty. When Barbara was twenty-five years of age an event of importance occurred in the town. A group of young ladies was assembled one afternoon in 1791 at Kimball's Tavern (the site is now occupied by the New City Hotel), the occasion being a quilting party. A messenger brought the news that President George Washington was coming to spend the night at the Tavern. What a thrill of excitement it caused! The quilt was quickly folded. The best linen and china were brought forth, but there was nothing quite suitable from which to pour the coffee, so Barbara Hauer hastened to her home opposite the hotel (where the residence of Miss Agnes Sehley is now located) and returned with her beautiful old Liverpool china coffee-pot. This coffee-pot has been well preserved, and is now, with other curios, in the cabinet at the home of Mrs. Julia M. Abbott, great-niece of Mrs. Fritchie.

As Miss Barbara poured the coffee for the honored guest he evidently was impressed with her appearance and manner, for after supper he called his servant and directed that his traveling bag be brought. Opening it he drew forth a china bowl, which he presented to Barbara. She prized it very highly. Before her death she gave the bowl to her nephew, Nicholas D. Hauer, who later gave it to his niece, Mrs. Harriet Byerly Sweet, now residing in Baltimore.

At the time of Washington's death a sham funeral was



FREDERICK COUNTY COURT HOUSE, WHERE "STAMP ACT" WAS REPUDIATED

held in Frederick as a memorial service. Barbara Hauer was one of the young women who acted as pallbearers. In 1780, when Barbara was fourteen years old, she went with her mother to a quilting party. As usual on such occasions the news of the town was the topic of conversation.

Among other items of interest was the announcement of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Casper Fritchie. Twenty-six years later, on May 6, 1806, Barbara Hauer became the wife of John Casper Fritchie, whose birth she had heard announced. Although the senior of her husband by so many years, they were very congenial. Their home was on West Patrick street, on the east bank of Carroll Creek, and was an exceptionally happy one.



RELICS OF BARBARA FRITCHIE

Mr. Fritchie was a man of upright character, held in high esteem. He conducted a glove manufactory, and, although not

wealthy, his business made them a comfortable living. Mrs. Fritchie was a woman of decided opinions. Keeping herself well informed by reading, she could converse intelligently on almost any subject. As a wife she was thoroughly domestic. By her kindly manner and genial disposition she made their home a very attractive place. Their servants were treated with great kindness. "Fritchie's Harry" and "Aunt Nellie" were devoted to "Ole Massa" and "Ole Missus."

Mr. and Mrs. Fritchie had no children, but adopted Mrs. Fritchie's niece, Catherine Stover, who remained with them until 1825, when she married Henry Hanshew, Mr. Fritchie's assistant, and later partner, in the business, and moved to her own home a short distance west of the Fritchies. Mrs. Hanshew's cousin, Miss Harriet Yoner, then became Mrs. Fritchie's companion. On November 10, 1849, after a brief illness, Mr. Fritchie "fell asleep," and was laid to rest in the Reformed church graveyard. Mrs. Fritchie made no change, preferring to live in her own home. She spent a great deal of time among her flowers, which she was fond of cultivating. As she increased in years she retained her faculties to an unusual degree. She enjoyed the companionship of young people, and participated with much pleasure in their conversation. Her great-nieces and great-nephews, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Hanshew, were her frequent visitors. They, and their young companions, were seldom disappointed in their anticipation of a "treat." On "special occasions" she made them small cakes cut in various forms—fish, birds, men, women, etc. The tiny tin cutters, about one inch in length, are now in the possession of her great-great-nephew, Lee Hanshew.



AS BARBARA HAUER'S life began in the exciting period of our country's struggle for freedom from British rule, there grew into her soul an intense loyalty and patriotism. She was at all times deeply interested in national affairs, and, although in her ninety-fifth year when the shadow of the great conflict became a bloody reality, her mind was clear, and she believed in the Union with her whole heart. With great conviction she would say, "The

Union of the States will be maintained. God takes care of His people, and he will take care of this country." She never allowed anyone to speak in a disparaging way of **her country**. From one of her dormer windows her hunting flag was frequently seen floating gracefully. Because of its geographical location, Frederick was destined to figure conspicuously in the movements of the commanding generals of both armies. Sentiment was naturally divided, there being strong feeling both for and against the Union. It was a trying time, but the real bitterness of the war came toward the close of the summer of 1862. The Confederate forces had crossed the Potomac, and entered Maryland from Virginia, on September 5th. The main body encamped at Frederick Junction, three miles south of Frederick, but a large portion of the army marched through the city on September 6th, and went into camp at Worman's Mill, a couple miles to the north. The next morning (Sunday) while his troops lay resting, General Jackson took advantage of the opportunity to attend divine worship at the Evangelical Reformed Church. The pastor, Rev. Daniel Zacharias, unaware of the presence of the distinguished officer, gave out the hymn, "The Stoutest Rebel Must Resign," but the "rebel" heard it not, for weariness had caused him to sleep peacefully through the hymn and part of the sermon. Early on the morning of the 10th the army, obeying orders, broke camp, and began to move westward, going out West Patrick street, passing the home of Mrs. Barbara Fritchie.

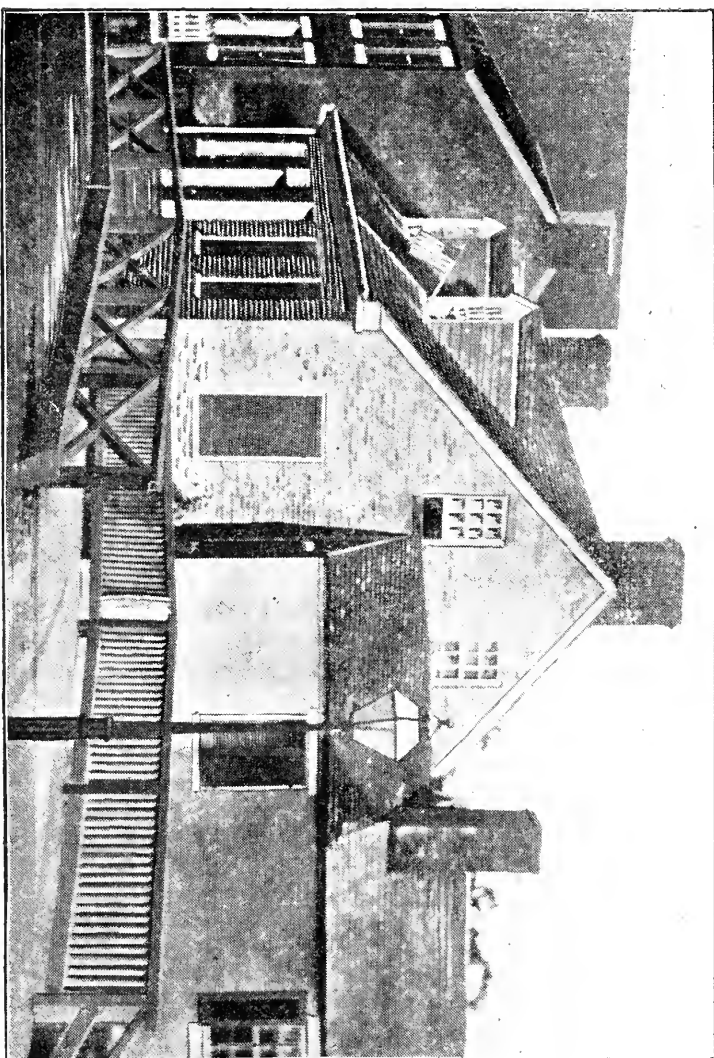
It was at this time that the incident occurred which led to the writing of the poem by John G. Whittier. Miss Harriet Yoner, coming from the rear of the house, found Mrs. Fritchie quite nervous and excited, but she would make no explanation, except: "They tried to take my flag, but a man would not let them, and **he was a gentleman**." Several times during the occupancy of the town by the Confederates she had subjected herself to danger, causing her relatives much anxiety. "Riehl's Spring," on the west bank of Carroll Creek, was frequented by the soldiers, some of whom came to her house asking for a glass in which to get a drink of the cool, clear water. To the Union men she cordially gave the glass, but to the Confederates she would reply, "There is an iron dipper at the spring; you can

use that." One day a relative was taking her to the home of her niece, Mrs. Hanshew. A group of Confederate soldiers were resting on her front porch, and as she came out of her doorway she shook her cane at them, saying, "Begone you dirty pack!" Her companion hastily apologized, but said afterward that she walked in fear and trembling, lest a bullet should be fired after them.

Fortunately they were gentlemen, and showed no resentment. Naturally her relatives reprimanded her, trying to impress upon her the risk she incurred. Therefore, when she had again exposed herself to danger, she was reticent. It was not until a month or two later that she told what had really occurred, to Mr. Fritchie's niece, Miss Caroline Ebert, who had called to see her. She said to Miss Ebert that she was afraid to tell Kittie (Mrs. Hanshew) and the others, because she knew they would scold her. Barbara's account of the incident follows: Hearing the troops were approaching, she took her silk flag from between the leaves of the family Bible, and stepped out on her front porch, thinking they were Union soldiers. Immediately an officer rode up, saying, "Granny, give me your flag." "You can't have it," she said, and then noticed the grey uniforms, but she continued waving. He spoke to the men, and they turned, facing her. She thought they meant to fire on her, but, instead, he rode on a short distance to the Mill Alley, returning in a moment with another officer and some men. This officer said to her, "Give me your flag, Granny, and I'll stick it in my horse's head." "No, you can't have it," she said. One of the men called out, "Shoot her damned head off."

The officer turned angrily upon him, saying, "If you harm a hair of her head I'll shoot you down like a dog." Then, turning to the trembling old lady, he said, "Go on, Granny, wave your flag as much as you please." It was not until a number of years later that the family learned the truth of the flag-waving incident. Miss Ebert had married Mr. Edward Winebrenner, and rarely met the Hanshew family, but, hearing that the relatives of Mrs. Fritchie were still ignorant of the facts, she related the above account to Mrs. J. H. Abbott, and also made affidavit before a notary public.

It has been affirmed by some that the Confederate Army



BARBARA FRITCHIES HOME

did not pass the home of Barbara Fritchie, and, therefore, the flag-waving incident was impossible. This statement is false, because there are still living many persons who know, because they were eye-witnesses, that the entire Confederate Army, with the exception of Jackson and his staff, **did** pass the home of Mrs. Fritchie. General Jackson was an intimate friend of Rev. and Mrs. Ross, the Presbyterian pastor and his wife. Desiring to leave a message of farewell, he made a short detour to the parsonage on West Second street. Riding down Bentz street, or "Mill Alley," as it was then called, he rejoined his army on West Patrick street, just sixty-three yards west of Mrs. Fritchie's house, according to a measurement made by Mr. Henry M. Nixdorff.

Mr. James L. Parsons, a prominent contractor of Washington, D. C., confirms the flag-waving incident in a letter written to the Baltimore Sun, dated November 12, 1913. Mr. Parsons states he was a member of "Stonewall" Jackson's Third Brigade (also known as Tolliver's Brigade), and marched by Barbara Fritchie's home on the day the aged heroine waved her flag to the Confederates, and that all through the lines the troops were talking about the episode.

Further evidence of the fact that Barbara Fritchie waved her flag as the Confederates were passing is found in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., in the columns of the "Atlanta Constitution" bearing date of April 7, 1910, and also in the Confederate Veterans' Magazine, two acknowledged Southern authorities, and is given by the Confederate captain, Frank Myers, who says: "There is more poetry than truth in Whittier's song. As we passed by she (Mrs. Fritchie) came out on the porch and waved her flag at us. Not one of us tried to bother her, and it was not necessary for 'Stonewall' Jackson to say a word."

Closely following the Confederates came McClellan's army, the advance being in command of General Burnside. A hearty welcome was given them. The loyal citizens came forth, flags were unfurled once more, and the town wore a different aspect. None were more joyous than dame Barbara, who, with her silk flag in hand, stood at her parlor window. She attracted much attention, many of the soldiers, both officers and

privates, coming from the ranks to speak to her, asking her name and age, and the privilege of shaking hands with her. Gen. Jesse L. Reno went into her home to converse with her. She treated him to a glass of her home-made wine, and presented him with a bunting flag which he carried with him to the battle of South Mountain the next day, in which battle he was killed. The flag was sent with his body to his home in Massachusetts. It was later placed in the museum of the Loyal Legion, in Boston.

Barbara Fritchie lived to celebrate her ninety-sixth birthday on December 3d, 1862, but an attack of pneumonia proved fatal, and on December 18th the aged patriot "crossed the bar."

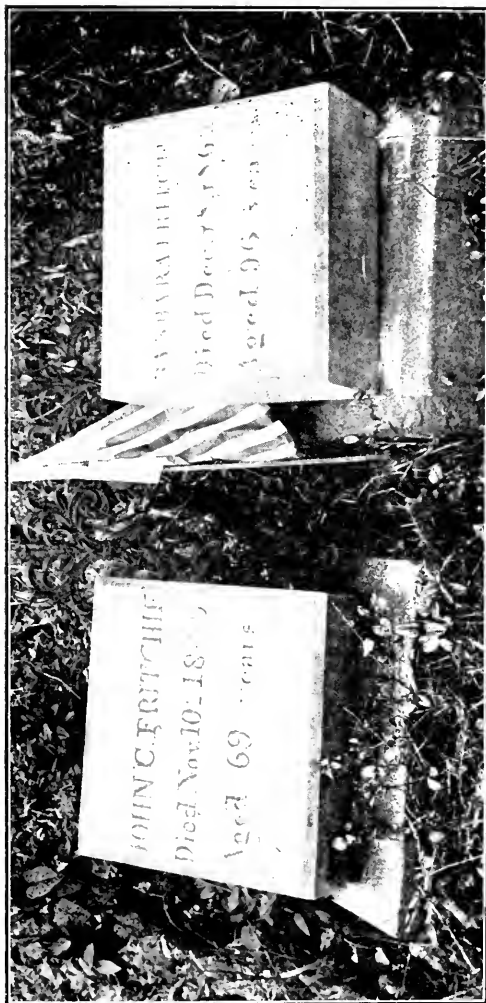
"No stately dame of high degree,
Nor social idol e'en was she;
But in the line of life she trod
'Twas said of her, 'She walked with God.' "

Her body was placed beside her husband's in the church graveyard, and small, plain stones—her own selection—marked their burial place.



MEANWHILE Miss Ebert had related to a cousin, Mr. Ramsburg, of Georgetown, D. C., the story as told her by Mrs. Fritchie. Through Mr. Ramsburg it was published in a Washington paper. He also told it to his neighbor, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, by whom it was sent to Mr. Whittier. Mr. Whittier's nephew and biographer (S. T. Pickard) gives the following information in Volume II, *Life and Letters of John G. Whittier*:

"The story which suggested to Mr. Whittier his ballad 'Barbara Fritchie' came to him from Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, of Georgetown, D. C., who wrote him the following note: 'I send this little note out merely in quest of you. If it should find you, please let me know your exact address, as I have a message to deliver you.' As soon as she received the address she sent the following narrative, and the ballad founded upon it was written within a fortnight after its receipt in Amesbury: " 'When Lee's army occupied Frederick the only Union flag displayed in the city was held by Mrs. Barbara Fritchie, a widow lady of



ORIGINAL FRITCHIE MARKERS

ninety-six years.' Such was the paragraph that went the rounds of the Washington papers last September. Some time afterward, from friends who were in Frederick at the time, I heard the whole story. It was the story of a woman's heroism, which, when heard, seemed as much to belong to you as a book picked up with your autograph on the fly-leaf. So here it is.' She then gave an account of the entrance of Lee's army into Frederick and their cool reception, quoting the official record, 'the town wore a church yard aspect.' Continuing: 'But Mrs. Barbara Fritchie, taking one of the Union flags, went up to the top of her house, opened a garret window, and held it forth. The rebel army marched up the street, saw the flag; the order was given, 'Halt! Fire!' and a volley was discharged at the window from which it was displayed. The flag staff was partly broken, so that the flag drooped; the old lady drew it in, broke off the fragment, and, taking the stump with the flag still attached to it in her hand, stretched herself as far out of the window as she could, held the Stars and Stripes at arm's length, waving over the rebels, and cried out in a voice of indignation and sorrow: 'Fire at this old head, then boys; it is not more venerable than your flag.' They fired no more, but passed on in silence, and she secured the flag in its place, where it remained unmolested during the whole of the rebel occupation of the city. 'Stone-wall' would not permit her to be troubled.' "

Mr. Pickard, continuing his narrative, says: "This is the story as Mr. Whittier had it when he wrote the ballad. Of the substantial accuracy of the narrative many convincing proofs came to him from time to time in the midst of the animated and prolonged controversy the ballad elicited. The poem was sent to Mr. Fields for the 'Atlantic.' The following reply indicates the welcome it received: "'Barbara' is most welcome, and I will find room for it in the October number most certainly. A proof will be sent to you in a few days. You were right in thinking I should like it, for so I do, as I like few things in this world. Inclosed is a check for fifty dollars (\$50)), but Barbara's weight should be in gold." To one of many friends who asked him if 'Barbara' was a myth, he answered in a letter dated October 19, 1890: "I had a portrait of the good Lady Barbara from the saintly hand of Dorothea Dix, and a cane from Bar-

bara's cottage sent me by Dr. Steiner, of the Maryland Senate. Whether she did all that my poem ascribed to her, or not, she was a brave, true woman. I followed the account given me in a private letter, and in the papers of the time."

To an article published in the "Century", denying that the poem had any foundation in fact, Mr. Whittier replied: "'Barbara Fritchie' was written in good faith. The story was no invention of mine. It came to me from sources which I regarded as entirely reliable. I had no reason to doubt its accuracy then, and I am still constrained to believe that it had foundation in fact. If I thought otherwise I should not hesitate to express it. I have no pride of authorship to interfere with my allegiance to truth." Mr. Pickard states that the poem was published in most of the northern papers. In a letter written to Mrs. J. H. Abbott, Mr. Whittier said: "There has been a good deal of dispute about my little poem, but if there was any mistake in the details, there was none in my estimate of her noble character, and her loyalty and patriotism."



AFTER Mrs. Fritchie's death her niece, Mrs. Hanshew, inherited her property and personal effects, among which was the cherished silk flag. In course of time the poem attracted many visitors to Frederick, who usually found their way to Mrs. Hanshew's to gaze upon and touch the historic flag. Mrs. Hanshew lived to the ripe, old age of ninety years.

Several years before her death she discontinued house-keeping, dividing her property among her children. To her daughter Julia (Mrs. John H. Abbott) she gave the priceless silk flag, the Liverpool china coffee pot, and other pieces of valuable chinaware. Also solid silver tablespoons, soup ladles, etc. Mrs. Abbott, wishing to preserve the flag, had it framed. In a cabinet are the curios, among which is the old-fashioned "tuck comb" worn by Mrs. Fritchie and placed in her hair when her body was prepared for burial. It remained in the grave fifty-one years, until her re-interment from the church graveyard to Mount Olivet Cemetery, in 1913.

Many visitors call at the home of Mrs. Abbott, 413 South Market street. Since May 30, 1900, a register has been kept. It contains the names of nearly four thousand persons. They have come from all parts of the United States, from foreign countries, and the isles of the sea to view the flag, and visit the grave of Frederick's patriotic old dame. An especially interesting incident is worth relating in this connection. One day a lady called, asking the privilege of seeing the curios. She told Mrs. Abbott that, while her visit to Frederick afforded her pleasure, there were also sad memories, as her father had died in one of the Frederick hospitals during the Civil War. Just before his death he received a message informing him that "the stork" had brought a baby girl to his home in Philadelphia. He immediately sent a request to his wife, asking that the baby be given the name of a young nurse who had ministered so kindly to him. Mrs. Abbott eagerly inquired the name of the nurse, for she had been informed during the war that a soldier's little daughter had been named for her, and she was delighted when the stranger replied, "The name of the nurse was Julia Hانشew." When the visitor was told that she was in the presence of her father's nurse her surprise and joy were very great.

In 1912 the officials of Mount Olivet Cemetery Company asked permission to remove the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Fritchie to Mount Olivet. The request was granted.

Frederick's progressive daily paper, "The News," inaugurated a movement to form an organization for the purpose of stimulating the interest of the people of Maryland and the United States in patriotism, and in the heroic valor of Barbara Fritchie, and to erect in her memory a suitable monument in Frederick city, where she lived during the greater part of her life. A public subscription list was started by "The News." In September, 1912, the Barbara Fritchie Memorial Association was organized with one hundred and sixty-two charter members. The incorporators were John H. Abbott, Hon. E. S. Eichelberger, Miss May Hagan, Mrs. Clara V. Mott, and Leo Weinberg. The officers of the Association were: President, Miss Ella V. Eichelberger; vice-presidents, Misses Eleanor D. Abbott and Janie Quynn; corresponding secretary, Miss May Hagan; recording secretary, Mrs. Clara V. Mott; treasurer, Mrs. W. O. Glaze.

The officers and the following persons constituted a Board of Managers: Mrs. J. H. Apple, Mrs. J. D. Baker, Mrs. D. C. Brish, Mrs. Grayson Bowers, Mrs. S. G. Duvall, Miss Grace Ely, Mrs. Daniel Hanshew, Mrs. Everest Harding, Mrs. John B. Harding, Mrs. Jennie Schley Miller, Mrs. George S. Rodock, Miss Agnes Schley, Miss Florence Trail, J. J. Bielfeld, Sterling Galt, David Lowenstein, E. I. Swope, Hon. M. G. Urner, Dr. William Merrill and P. E. Newman. There were no membership dues, the contributions being entirely voluntary. All contributors were entitled to membership. Some of the most prominent people in the United States sent contributions unsolicited. Many interesting letters were received. The Association aimed to raise fifteen hundred dollars. The fund increased so rapidly that, when the monument was unveiled on September 9, 1914, more than the desired amount was in the treasury. A portion of the surplus was invested in a Liberty Bond of the second issue. The Association had the honor of being the first patriotic organization to subscribe.

The re-interment of the remains of Barbara Fritchie and her husband, John C. Fritchie, took place on May 30, 1913, in the lot given by Mount Olivet Cemetery Company, to be known as the "Fritchie Triangle." The ceremonies were conducted by Rev. H. L. G. Kieffer, pastor of the Evangelical Reformed Church, of which Mrs. Fritchie had been a member. The officers of the consistory acted as pallbearers. The G. O. P. veterans, Company A., M. N. G., high school cadets, members of the Barbara Fritchie Memorial Association and other patriotic organizations, and relatives of Mrs. Fritchie formed the procession.

Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, Librarian of Pratt Library, Baltimore, a former Fredericktonian, delivered the memorial address. Miss Medora Mantz, of York, Pa., a descendant of Barbara Fritchie, recited the poem, after which flowers and a large flag were placed on the grave by Claire and Virginia Mott, Margaret and Grayson Hoffman, Julia Abbott and Virginia Frazier, junior members of the Memorial Association. The contract for the monument was awarded to U. A. Lough & Son, Frederick. It is of Maryland Guilford granite, massive but simple and graceful. The base is 6 feet 6 inches square and 1 foot 6 inches high. The sub-base is 4 feet 6 inches square and 1 foot 4 inches high. The



MONUMENT IN MT. OLIVET CEMETERY

shaft is 10 feet 2 inches high, its base 3 feet 4 inches square, tapering to about 3 feet square at the top. On the face of the sub-base of the monument is cut in raised, rounded letters 5 inches high the name "Barbara Fritchie." Upon the face of the shaft a bronze tablet containing the entire poem "Barbara Fritchie," by John G. Whittier, is surmounted by a bronze medallion of striking design, portraying the face of Barbara Fritchie. This medallion was designed by Mr. James Kelley, a prominent sculptor of New York City, and cast by the Gorham company of the same city. On the back of the sub-base is a smaller bronze tablet containing the words: "Erected by the Barbara Fritchie Memorial Association of Frederick, Md., 1914." The original stones which marked the graves in the church cemetery are used as foot-stones.

The unveiling of the monument took place on September 9, 1914, in connection with the Star-Spangled Banner Centennial and Home-Coming Celebration, observed in Frederick September 9-14. Preceding the exercises a procession formed and marched to the Fritchie Triangle in Mount Olivet Cemetery. A very large crowd witnessed the ceremonies, many coming from a distance for the occasion, among them members of the Frederick County Colony from Baltimore, the Legion of Loyal Women of Washington, D. C., a national director of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and a representative of Old Glory Post, G. A. R., of Chicago, who brought a wreath from the post to place on the grave of Mrs. Fritchie. Hon. M. G. Urner, of the Frederick bar, was master of ceremonies. The address was delivered by Hon. Alfred S. Roe, of Massachusetts. Miss Mary Eleanor Shafer, A. M., of Middletown, recited "Barbara Fritchie." Mrs. John H. Abbott (nee Julia Hanshew), greatniece of Barbara Fritchie, unveiled the monument as the flag was unfurled, and the large assemblage sang the national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," accompanied by the Braddock Heights Band under the direction of Prof. Irving S. Biser.

Following the ceremonies an informal reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Abbott. Refreshments were served, the Liverpool china coffee pot and other china owned and used by Mrs. Fritchie being used on this occasion.

“Over Barbara Fritchie’s grave
The flag of freedom and union waves.”

Beautiful wool bunting flags have been presented by the Whittier Club, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, through its president, Judge Ira A. Abbott. Also Major Howe Post, G. A. R., and Col. A. L. Tappan, of Haverhill.

“Barbara Fritchie’s work is o’er.” “Honor to her,” to the flag and country she loved, and to the Quaker poet who immortalized her! Visitors to the “Fritchie Triangle” are impressed with the beautiful location. Looking up at “Old Glory” as its folds rise and fall “on the loyal winds that love it well,” and gazing across the meadows to the greenwalled hills beyond, we exclaim with the poet:

“Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law.
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Fredericktown.”



IN CONNECTION with this sketch of Whittier’s heroine mention should be made of another distinguished character—Francis Scott Key, the author of our national anthem, “The Star-Spangled Banner,” who was born August 9, 1780, in what was at that time Frederick County, but is now a part of Carroll County. His remains also rest in Mount Olivet, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory.

“He gave us the song of the banner,
He gave us the hymn of its might;
He lit it with melody’s splendor,
He made it an anthem of right.
And it grows with the growth of the nation,
It lives, and it shines, and is true
To the gospel of faith and of freedom—
Our flag of the Red, White and Blue!”

Frederick is also justly proud to have been the home of the birth and boyhood of him who, by his prompt action on July

3d. 1898, during the war with Spain, achieved a victory for America, at Santiago, which made him a hero for all time—Admiral Winfield Scott Schley.

The first Governor of Maryland—Thomas Johnson, resided on a farm a short distance north of Frederick. His remains rest in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

Among the many objects of interest in Frederick is the old stone barracks built in 1777, and used during the Revolution as a prison for captured Hessian soldiers, and during the Civil War as a United States General Hospital. This building stands in the rear of the Maryland School for the Deaf, on South Market street. This institution has for more than fifty years given instruction in speech and lip reading, and recently in rhythm work, in addition to the regular public school curriculum, to deaf-mute children, and those who can speak, but are too deaf to benefit by instruction in other schools.

The public and high schools of Frederick are worthy of mention. Hood College and the Academy of the Visitation are widely known.

Frederick is developing industrially, due in great measure to its Chamber of Commerce. Its fine banking institutions evidence prosperity. Its philanthropic spirit is manifested in a well equipped hospital, which affords to suffering humanity relief and restoration to health. The Home for the Aged provides comfortably for its family, and two church homes care for orphan children.

While the spirit of progress has destroyed some landmarks of the town (among which were Barbara Fritchie's home and Washington's headquarters), there is still standing the old stone tavern at the head of West Patrick street, in which great statesmen (Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Winfield Scott) met to discuss the affairs of the young nation. On North Bentz street stands the old stone mill, built in 1790. This mill is being successfully operated at the present time.

A short distance north of the mill is a splendid modern building—the First Regiment Armory. Not far distant stands the Frederick County Court House, in which hangs a bronze tablet containing the names of the twelve “immortal judges” who repudiated the “Stamp act.” Nearby is another interesting

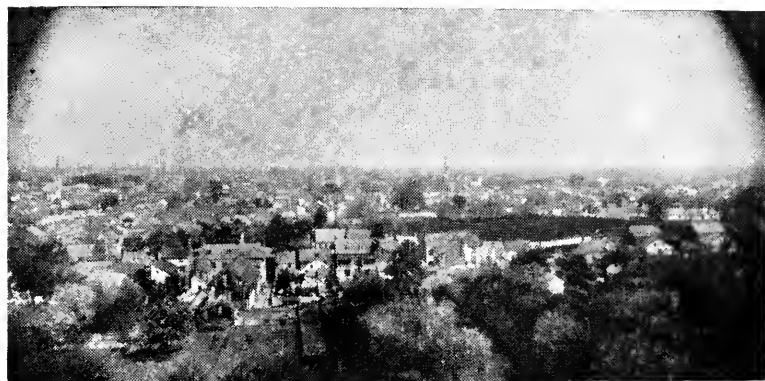
building—the home of the News-Post, Frederick's progressive daily papers.

The handsome church buildings testify that the religious life of the community is not neglected. There are in Frederick ten Protestant churches, several missions, a Roman Catholic church, representatives of the Salvation Army and a Young Men's Christian Association. Trinity Reformed Chapel, on West Church street, is especially interesting because of its century old tower and spire, in which a chime of ten bells, known as "Trinity Chimes," was installed in 1893. The chimer is H. Lee Hanshew, great-great-nephew of Barbara Fritchie. "What say the bells?" asks the poet, who tells us:

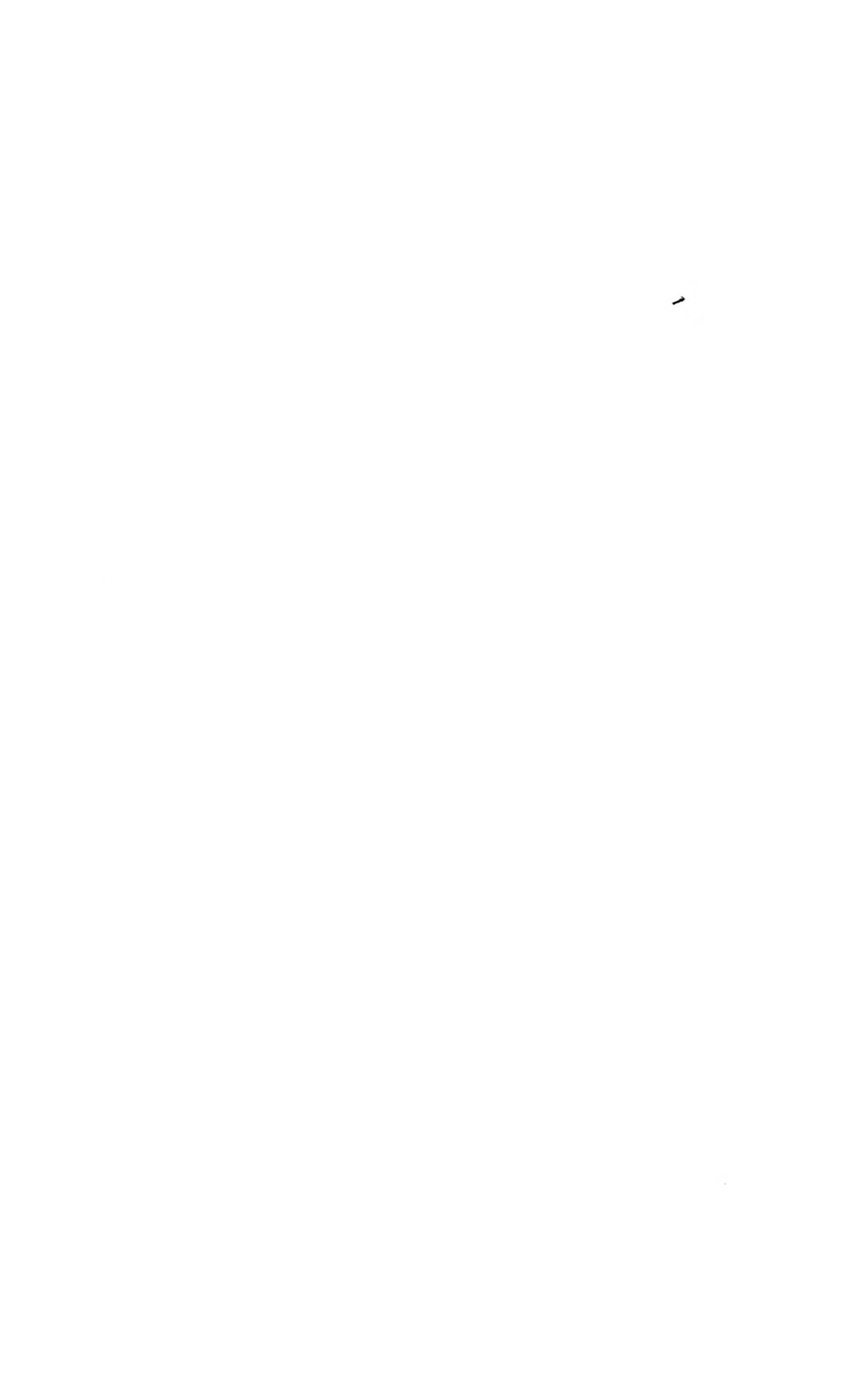
"Bells are the voice of the church;
They have tones that touch and search
The hearts of young and old;
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech,
And the meaning is manifold."

To the readers of this sketch the bells say—

"Then bring our country's starry banner,
And drape it o'er the Saviour's cross;
For with these emblems close united,
We fear no danger, harm, or loss.
Beneath this glorious flag, whose beauty
Thrills all our hearts with fervent love,
With gratitude and true devotion
We praise our King who reigns above.
Then bring our country's starry banner,
And loyal till your latest breath,
Unite unto the loving emblem
The symbol of the Saviour's death.
'Till in the freedom He has given
Beneath the flag that waves so free,
A Christian nation stands proclaiming
The highest type of liberty."



VIEW OF FREDERICK, MD.



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